

OUR GLOBE LETTER.

A Retrospective Glimpse at the Days When Plenty and Peace and Comfort and Safety Were Not in Our Territory—A Vindictive Local Matter in the Vicinity of Globe—Rich Strikes and Contentment the Order of the Day.

GLOBE, July 6.

EDITOR CITIZEN: When we view the past, and compare the Arizona of today with the Arizona of ten years ago, the change that has been wrought by the industries and enterprising pioneers of this once wild and undeveloped region is simply wonderful, and no one can imagine or realize the grand strides that have been made towards development and civilization within the short period of ten years—except those who were here in 1876 and are fortunate enough to be here now.

We find Arizona ten years ago only sparsely settled by a few brave and noble hearted pioneers, struggling for existence against the savage hordes of Apaches and Mexican thieves and murderers, who infested every highway, and indeed the lonely mountains of earth or rock that mark the last resting place of many a noble hearted and brave man, are unmistakable evidence to the passing traveler of the perils and horrors attending the life of the early settlers. Both the civil and the military arms of the government were powerless, and failed to punish the Mexican outlaws and head-handed marauders who were preying continuously on the property and lives of the few unprotected settlers. And aside from this sad state of things, Arizona was so isolated, cut off from the outside world, East and West, by vast and bleak deserts covering hundreds of miles distance, with no food or water for either man or beast, and on the North, by a rugged and compact range of lofty mountains, with scarcely a feasible pass for a pack mule, while on the South was the State of Sonora, in Mexico, which was steeped in revolution, and consequently all in that direction was chaos and confusion, with no security for either life or property. We had no communications of any account with the outside world, except an occasional mail by chance. Every pound of supplies used by the rancher or prospector had to be hauled from three to five hundred miles on wagons, which necessarily made everything very dear to the consumer, in fact freight alone was from 7 to 10 cents per pound. But on the other hand how different it is with the Arizona of today. Peace and harmony prevail throughout the land. The Apaches are subdued and living at their reservation, eating government beef, and so long as the Government keeps up the supply we have nothing to fear from them, for they are as happy as a family of rats in a hay loft. We are secure in our daily walks of life, and property is safe, while prosperity and true happiness are seen on every hand. We have daily and tri-weekly mails to every place of any importance in the Territory, besides telegraphic communication in all directions. A great railway traverses the country from West to East—discharging freight and passengers in the very heart of our Territory—the most prosperous section today on the globe. Capital is pouring in by the millions to assist in the development of our wonderful mineral and other resources. Mills, machine shops and foundries are being built on all sides, while schools and churches are being organized, which tends to create a good moral influence over the wayward. Rich strikes and new discoveries of rich mineral deposits are the order of the day on every hand.

There has been a rich strike made in the Mack Morris mine, in Richmond Basin, a few days since, at the depth of 145 feet. The ore assays over \$900 per ton. The original Richmond mine is also yielding large quantities of very rich ore and many other mines in that section of Globe District are gladdening the hearts of their fortunate owners with rich outputs of ore.

There has been a new and very rich strike made in the Silver Era. The ore is a free chloride, assaying up into the thousands of dollars. The Sore Pop mine, near Ramboz Camp, a new discovery recently made by Messrs. Arthur and Robinson, is looking well. The vein is small but the ore free and very rich, which will be seen by three assays of the ore made by Mr. E. O. Kennedy, a competent assayer of this place—No. 1, 801 ounces, \$1164.90; No. 2, 1061 ounces, \$1358.84; No. 3, 29 ounces, \$20.45.

The Baldwin mill is running on full time on ore from the Mack Morris. The Nugget mill is also at work on ore from the company's mine, in the Basin, and you may expect soon to hear of the largest shipment of bullion that has ever been made from Globe, from the fact that the ore now being run is the richest that has ever been mined here from the Basin.

To conclude this letter, in a nutshell, we see nothing to discourage anybody, but on the contrary, we see everything to animate and encourage the most stupid to take hold and make hay while the sun of prosperity shines. We believe that before many years roll around that we will be admitted with all the honors of a great commonwealth into the Union as a State, and add our bright star to the great national emblem of liberty.

PIONEER.

TELEGRAPHIC.

(SPECIAL TO THE CITIZEN.)

DIED—Small-Pox.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—Wm. Skenebury, who was shot by his partner, Sam Tetlow, of the Belle Union Theatre, died this morning. Tetlow was held for murder, and the case was continued until Tuesday.

A case of small-pox was discovered in the City and County Hospital and removed to the pest-house. The patient came from San Jose last week, where he has been for some days in search of work.

General Grant.

DENVER, Col., July 10.—The Tribune's Santa Fe special says: Gen. Grant and party arrived here yesterday and will remain four days. A salute of 39 guns was fired by a detachment of troops. A reception and banquet will be given to night, and the General will visit the mines tomorrow.

As Usual.

DEADWOOD, D. T., July 10.—Capt. J. M. West, Superintendent and Contractor of the Black Hills Pioneer Mining Company, which is building an 18-mile flume, and erecting extensive hydraulic works at Rockville, is short about \$2400 in his accounts with the employees, of whom there are nearly four hundred.

Col. Pelton's Trial.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The funeral of the late Col. Pelton, nephew and private secretary of ex-Governor Tilden, took place this afternoon from Mr. Tilden's residence, 15 Gramercy Park. Among those present were ex-Police Commissioner McLean, Corporation Counsel Whitney, Mayor Cooper, Clarkson N. Potter, Col. John R. Felt, W. H. Green.

Chicago News.

CHICAGO, July 10.—The Times says: an upward sweep in the price of pork has occasioned a lively awakening on 'Change. It has been discovered by capitalists that Armour & Co. have hold of both ends of the string. This firm, it is understood, controls almost all the Chicago product for months to come, and is also supposed to control the New York market. It is estimated that not less than five million dollars is employed in the corner.

An army officer at Fort Keokuk, now in this city, gives an account of a buffalo hunt which recently took place on the Yellowstone. The Crow Indians, getting a little short of meat, went in quest of bison, and found a herd of 4000. They attacked them, and the animals started in a panic for the river, followed by the Redskins. Soon there was an indistinguishable mass of Indians, buffaloes and ponies in the stream. The current was strong, and many of each were drowned. Thirty savages went down, and ponies and buffaloes almost innumerable met a similar fate.

Mrs. Mary VanKirk, of Milwaukee, was arrested on suspicion of having poisoned her stepmother and half brother. She has been held to bail in the sum of \$5000. The chemist who analyzed the contents of the bottles, testified that he found arsenic in both. Mrs. VanKirk married into a well-known family and has hitherto borne an excellent reputation.

Irish Distress Subsidizing.

DUBLIN, July 10.—At a meeting of the Trustees of the Duchess of Marlborough's Irish Relief Fund, encouraging reports of the improved condition of the West of Ireland were given.

Passengers Passing Colton.

COLTON, July 9.—The following passengers passed here to-night bound East:

Wm. Miller, Wm. Horgan, C. A. Weiss, W. Watson, Dan McCrohan, F. Hesse, Hugh Loy, P. Turner, Thos. Sullivan, Miss Christine Halper, Mrs. Emma L. C. Bonow, John G. Woods, Thos. Stevens, John Norris, Chas. Alton, Tim Shay, P. B. Barnum, Thomas Galagher, Mrs. J. Lynch, Ed. Sheffelin, Mrs. J. M. Lottrell and children, James Parker, George Axman, C. O. Brown and family, Estevan Ochoa and family, Mrs. Chas. Brown, M. Borquez and family, B. Salazar and wife, B. H. Hereford, J. M. Martin, L. S. Weldon, R. J. Pennell, H. D. Polhemus, Wm. B. Hooper.

A Lesson to Householders.

LEADVILLE, Col., July 7.—Last night Wm. Carter, while escorting Mrs. Dil lon home from a ball, was met by her husband. A quarrel ensued, and Carter shot Dillon dead.

More Marital Infidelity.

PORTLAND, July 7.—J. Lynch, proprietor of the Keystone Hotel, to-day shot and instantly killed Thomas Watts. It is alleged that Watts was intimate with Lynch's wife.

A Theatrical Row.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7.—P. M. Tetlow, one of the proprietors of the Belle Union Theatre, shot his partner, Wm. Skenebury, last night, inflicting a probably fatal wound. Tetlow accuses Skenebury of swindling him in business affairs and threatening his life.

A Chicago Inter-Ocean Washington special says: Land Commissioner Williamson is in trouble. An ingenious Californian has entered a stone quarry and commenced burning lime. Now he demands a patent under the universal land act. He has presented heavy documents full of legal and scientific opinions, to show that lime-stone lands, granite lands and in fact almost any lands are mineral and can be entered under the terms of the Act. General Williamson does not know but he will have to decide that according to the workings of the law there is nothing else but mineral land in the country.

Suffering New York.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The heat still continues. One hundred and thirty-one deaths (including 60 children) were reported at the B and O Health within the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday.

The Wages of Sin.

DANVILLE, Penn., July 9.—Last night, about midnight, T. D. Degartette entered a bungalow and inquired for Mollie Degartette; and at his request the two went to a private room. The report of pistol shots followed, the police broke into the room, and the girl was found on the floor, her brother standing by with the pistol in his hand. He confessed the shooting of his sister, saying he had done it to wipe out the disgrace of the family. The girl was shot five times, and her wounds will prove fatal. She protests that her brother was right in taking her life, and begs that he be not punished. Before the brother was taken to prison, he and his sister embraced. The brother is a telegraph operator, aged 30. The sister is 17 years old.

Census and Assessments.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9.—An assessment of twenty-five cents each has been levied on Belvidere and Real Del Monte.

The census returns give the population of San Francisco 232,060, including 20,549 Chinese.

Gone the Way of All Lovers.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—In the Police Court, today, in the case brought by Alex. Kidd against W. M. Nelson, for libelling Mayor Kelloch in the 'O'Brien' publication, Judge Rix said he believed the prosecution had not been in the interest of the people, and on motion dismissed the case.

Business.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—The town of Merced has been lately overrun with bad characters, and several shooting affrays have occurred. The citizens got tired of it, and have organized a Safety Committee, which order all bad characters and tramps to leave the town. They are doing so in a hurry.

High-Toned Criminals.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The Police Inspector to-day arrested L. R. Jerome, Jr., son of the well-known banker and sporting man, and young Mitchell, manager of the banking house of B. & Co., 40 Exchange Place, on a grave charge. A messenger boy in the employ of Brighton, Ives & Co., 40 Broad street, was sent out last Saturday to deliver stocks valued at \$87,000. He returned saying he had lost the package of securities on Wall street. Mr. Ives reported the loss to the police, and after a long search the securities were traced to the possession of an outsider. Both are unmarried young men, familiar with the ways of Wall street firms, being engaged in stock speculations. After the arrest the securities were found in Mitchell's office. It was admitted by the young men that they knew to whom the securities belonged, and that they intended to send them to Europe and have them negotiated there. The manner in which they obtained possession of the stocks was not divulged.

We Take It All Back.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The World publishes the following cable dispatch:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD, NEW YORK: I am not the author of the Hancock letters or orders concerning Louisiana. I knew nothing of them until I saw them printed.

[Signed] J. S. BLACK, London.

Death of the Son of His Father.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Col. Pelton, nephew of S. J. Tilden, died in this city to-day.

Crop Reports.

CHICAGO, July 8.—The Times has crop reports from the northwest, which are very conflicting. Some sections report wheat never better, while others report almost failure. It summarizes in the following headings: 'Encouraging reports from the harvest fields of the Northwest; indications that the wheat crop is better than average; the Lake Shore belt in Wisconsin affluently slightly by rust and bugs; large increase of acreage in the country along the Northern Pacific railway; excellent prospects for a large yield in Minnesota; prospects fair for good prices; less complaint than usual at harvest time; heavy rains this morning and last night cause anxiety among bears on 'change to-day.'

Fastest Time on Record.

DETROIT, July 8.—During the races today, in the three-quarters of a mile dash, a purse of \$250, eight horses started. Knight Templar won, Big Medicine second. Time, 1:14 1/2—the fastest time on record.

She Didn't Go to the Pleists.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Jacob Kuriz, who resides at Homestead station, on the Northern Railroad, New Jersey, this morning went to the house of his son, at Stone Hill, where his wife resided, and forbade her going to a picnic. Upon her refusing, Jacob fatally shot her. He then killed himself. He had several times attempted her life, and that of his son for protecting her. Both were over 60 years old.

Gen. Grant in New Mexico.

DENVER, Col., July 8.—The Tribune's Las Vegas special says: Gen. Grant and party arrived here this morning, and were met at the depot by a very large and enthusiastic crowd. The General made a speech.

A Denver Matinee.

DENVER, Col., July 8.—Last night a shooting affray occurred between Elmer Hayman and Tom Stevens; the latter was fatally and the former slightly wounded. The shooting was the result of a family feud which had existed for some time.

The Freight on the Atchison.

Topeka and Santa Fe road has been exceedingly heavy during the present week, freight trains having arrived almost daily with immense cargoes. On one day the receipts from freight received at the Santa Fe depot reached nearly \$4000.—[New Mexico.]

A Little Novel.

Mr. Froude sends us the following little novel, says the Chicago Tribune: It was autumn.

Yes, merry, golden-tinted autumn. The sun poured down its mellow rays on the laughing fields of grain, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the gladness of the ample harvest. The little birds twittered and sang their sweetest and cheeriest notes in the branches of the oak trees that skirted the foot of a cloud-topped hill, while the big ones sat still and looked at them. Far away to the right lay a vast marsh, in which water cesses, sweet-smelling sedges, and bullfrogs gently mingled. Don't forget that this was a pretty sight.

Suddenly a boat is seen shooting out from the marshy banks that encircle the marsh like a chapel of laurel. In the little craft are seated a young man and a maiden; he strong-limbed and handsome, with a gleam of bronze in the gleam of the burning sun and sweet-scented hazy breezes; she fair and delicate like the lily, or a Chicago base ball club.

With powerful strokes he sends the boat shooting through the water, while the lily-like maid sits at either side. Suddenly the maiden utters a faint shriek, and a pallor overspreads her lovely countenance.

She has seen a bullfrog. One had leaped from the water, and with a splash of straw and canvas trimmed with flowers. The young man at once plunged into the water to recover the hat. The cruel waves closed over his fair young head, and the last he saw before he was swallowed in the middle of it. But he omitted to come up again.

After waiting until it was a better point that he had gone to-day, the maiden rose in the boat and gave a despairing shriek.

'Dead, dead for a duck hat,' she moaned, and fell overboard side, never knowing that she had got off a good thing.

That night the sexton in a little village near the lake laid out a pair of boots, and was playing poker, either the pair was the two lovers who had died that day, and had been fished out in the evening.

But where was the bullfrog that had caused the calamity?

Oh, where, indeed?

A Miserable Sin.

There was a remarkable scene of excitement in the First Congregational Church at Columbus, O., at the close of the morning service on Sunday. Some weeks ago a stranger, who had been at church several successive Sundays, asked the sexton to give him a front seat, as he could not hear well. The request was granted. In the seat before him it was the custom of the church to contribute to the weekly offerings of the members in envelopes.

One Sunday a little girl saw the stranger slip five envelopes from the basket to his pocket. This led to a couple of days of watchfulness during prayer, just before the close of the service the stranger was discovered in the act of pocketing the contents of the baskets. One of the deacons took the man by the arm while another went for an officer.

Meantime the prisoner planted a socker upon the nose of his captor, a prominent business man, and made a break for liberty, followed by about half the male portion of the congregation. The chase continued to the street, where the fugitive was captured. The stolen money found on his person, and the prisoner locked up. It is estimated that he has stolen from week to week enough to make a comfortable salary, as the church is one of the most prominent and wealthy in the city, and the contributions always liberal. The prisoner gave his name as Harry Arlham, and says he belongs to Marion county.

He was a very grimy but glib tramp and he stood on the steps addressing the industrious housewife. 'Now,' says he, 'I can see it to your eye that you're dissatisfied. You've been worried and defrauded. You want a change. You're tired of this rule. You're tired of the old man's interference in the kitchen. You're sickened and disgusted at being coerced. You're tired of onerous taxes and doing all the work. And what you want to do is to fire the old man out and get some young fellow like me to come here and run the farm and make some money out of it and be kind to you.'

The woman lifted her head and said: 'That's the talk, almost word for word, that Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky, gave the Cincinnati Convention yesterday. I read it in the paper this morning. Get out or I'll set the dog on you.'—New York Tribune.

The following men and women have been nominated for the Presidency. Choose your ticket and boldly wave it: Republican—James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President; Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for Vice-President; Greenback—James A. Weaver, of Iowa, for President; B. J. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice-President. Prohibition—Neal Day, of Maine, for President; A. M. Thompson, of Ohio, for Vice-President. Democratic—W. S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania, for President; W. H. English, of Indiana, for Vice-President. Women Suffragists—Victoria Woodhull, of New York, for President; Susan B. Anthony, of New York, for Vice-President.

THE 'best society' of San Francisco is said to be one attempting the same class in any other city. In proof of this the News Letter says: 'A lady was amazed on presenting her card at a Taylor street mansion to see the servant inspect her from head to foot and then turn her card with the remark: "My mistress's orders are very strict, miss. Sorry we can't admit you today, but we don't receive people twice in the same costume."'

It was dinner time in a select boarding-house, when the new boarder arrived. He was a venerable-looking gentleman, with silvery hair, and his face beamed with a sweet repose. He had been a pure and holy life. As he joined the table the landlady said: 'Would you ask a blessing, Sir?' The venerable stranger shouted out, 'You'll have to talk louder, marm—I'm so deaf!'

THE census returns from Santa Fe and Las Vegas are about all in, which is more than can be said of the rest of the Territory, the fault lying with the miserably inefficient mail service and the carelessness of some of the postmasters. Santa Fe has as a final result of the enumeration, a population of 6541, while Las Vegas returns 5600 people.—[New Mexico.]

Con. Arizona Notes.

The latest news from the Con. Arizona is to the effect that the mill building is finished, and the machinery is being put in place as fast as possible. The retorts and melting house are finished, and as the machinery was all tested for three days at San Francisco before it was shipped, the logical conclusion is that, inasmuch as the rich ore is piled up and waiting for the stamps, the next month will see the Con. Arizona mill one of the bullion talkers of the Territory.

At the mine the main shaft is being sunk for the 300-foot level and is down over 40 feet from the first level. We did not learn whether 50-foot levels would be run or not. The drifts on the 100-foot level are being pushed as fast as night and day shifts can push them. The new hoisting works are being housed in, and all preparations are being made for the time when the Superintendent of the mill shall say 'go.'

The Silver Eagle, the next extension of the Con. Arizona, and one of the most promising mines in Arizona District, is booming ahead with such energy that it bids fair to beat the Con. Arizona in point of development. The new shaft has reached a depth of 100 feet, and drifts are being run both ways on the vein as fast as is possible with the present hoisting capacity. New steam hoisting works will soon be on the ground, and then such a race as we like to see will take place between the two mines.

Harshaw.

The postoffice in Harshaw, C. E. Harshaw & Co.'s store is fitted up in a manner that, for convenience and style, is not exceeded outside of Tucson in Southern Arizona. A most partitioned and airy office, a first-class office is found here, and courteous and accommodating treatment may be depended upon at all times.

The Mark Twain shaft is now down 50 feet from the bottom of which a cross-cut is being run, exposing a fine vein of ore 30 feet in width, assays averaging \$52, although assays have been had as high as \$220. There are over 100 feet of shaft and drifts in this property, and two shifts are constantly employed under the able management of W. B. Hopkins. The owners are much encouraged, as the mine has proved to be a paying proposition.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Harshaw in a manner that shows its inhabitants to be a highly patriotic people. A number of orations were delivered by the various orders, and the American eagle was enfolded in a way that made the old bird feel quite proud. A procession was formed, headed by the Harshaw Band, which paraded the streets, and took a very long time to pass a given point. The cavalry display was simply immense. The horseman displayed proved the members of the Harshaw Cavalry to be old cavaliers. In the evening the fireworks display, contributed by Harshaw, Harshaw, Mills, and others, was heartily enjoyed, and was the most creditable event of the day. There were no accidents to record, and the only damages resulting from the celebration were a few headaches the next day.

Colored Justice.

Several days ago a white man was arraigned before a colored justice, down in the country, on the charges of killing a man and stealing a gun. 'Well,' said the justice, 'de facts in this case shan't be weighed wid any fault ob mine.'

'Judge, you have no jurisdiction only to examine me.'

'Dat sort of work belongs to de regular justice, but yer de law book put on a special de justice. He has de right ter make a mouf at Supreme Court he chooses ter.'

'Do de best you can for me, Judge.'

'Dat's what I'm gwine ter do. I set two kinds of law in de Court, de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right ter chuse de law he want. Now what law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansas?'

'I believe I'll take de Arkansas.'

'Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer for de stealin' ob de mouf.'

'Thank you, Judge.'

'An' hang yer for killin' de man.'

'I believe, Judge, I'll take de Texas.'

'Well, in dat case I'll dismiss yer for killin' de man.'

'You have a good heart, Judge.'

'An' hang yer for stealin' de mouf. I'll fix tek de 'cassion head ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws is dat a special de justice 's de Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.'

THACKERAY we think it was who advised people not to depend too much upon the face in judging people. And he tells us how he once followed a man with the ugliest mug he ever saw, and found that he was carrying food to a sick and destitute widow with six children. A great believer in Thackeray, having read and pondered over the story, selected a man with a villainous face one day, followed him up an alley to a door where he was going to relieve, when the villainous man knocked him down and stamped on him. And when he crawled out of the alley some time after his watch and money were gone. He thinks he will rely on appearances in the future.

Russell Hancock.

RUSSELL HANCOCK, the candidate's son, was not more than twenty years old when he married Miss May Gwynn, one of the belles of Louisville. Miss Gwynn's father, an ex-Confederate, opposed the marriage on the ground that young Hancock was the son of a 'Yankee General.' Young Hancock married his bride over the Ohio one night eight years ago and they were married on the Indiana shore. The stern old father gave in after the clope ment. Neither General nor Mrs. Hancock knew of the affair for several months.

More Skulduggery.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The Times, Washington special has details in regard to the passage of the 'Star route' bill. There is reason to believe that large sums of money were spent by those who represented the mail contractors, and most prominent of these representatives was Jo McKibben, formerly a member of Congress from California. He had the privilege of the floor of the House, and made use of it.

AFAIRS AT BOWIE.

A Serious Cloud-Burst Demolishes the Scouts' Camp—Promotion of a Gallant Young Officer—California District Waiting for a Mill.

FOET BOWIE, A. T., July 8.

EDITOR CITIZEN: A most disastrous flood occurred here yesterday. A cloud-burst near Helen's Dome, about six o'clock in the evening, and within half an hour all the small arroyos around the Post were perfect rivers. The first thing it struck was the camp of the Indian scouts, which it completely demolished. All the property of the Indians was either destroyed or swept away. It was through the indomitable courage and energy of Lieut. Blackson and Jas. Cook that a more serious calamity was averted. The stable used by the scouts for their horses was washed down, and the foundations of many of the houses were loosened. This rain is said by oldtimers to have been the hardest ever known in this vicinity.

Lieut. Toury, for the last five years Second Lieutenant of Company G, leaves for Camp Thomas tomorrow, he having been promoted to the First Lieutenant of Company G. While pleased at the promotion his many friends regret his departure. During his service he has acquired an excellent reputation as an Indian fighter.

Colonel Jack Dunn and Rev. B. L. Dunne returned this morning from a flying visit to the California Mining District. They report every thing flourishing out there. The people of Dos Cabezas are waiting patiently for the much talked of mill.

Shakespeare's Prosperity.

SHAKESPEARE, N. M., July 7.

EDITOR CITIZEN: The old mining camp known as Rabbit up to about a year ago, and which has undergone many adventures, caused by Indian depredations and the bad management of the mining interests, is now on the road to prosperity. At one time since the camp was first established it has been entirely abandoned, and to within a few months no developments of any importance have ever been made, more than the assessment work having been done on a few locations, as it was claimed that the ore were of a too low grade to pay for working. But now that the Good Hope Gold and Silver Mining Company and others have commenced operations in earnest, the results of their labors have already proven this to be a mistake.

The Good Hope company, whose capital stock is \$100,000, are doing a great deal in the way of developing their mines, and find the ore to be much better as they go down, both in gold and silver. All necessary machinery will soon be put into operation. The ore are said to be very easily worked, and with this and many other advantages, and two railroads fast approaching, Shakespeare will soon be known as one of the rich mining camps of Arizona's twin Territory.

BORN.

In this city, July 3, 1886, to the wife of Wm. Zwickendorf, a son.

MARRIED.

In this city, July 9, at the residence of R. B. Gilbert, Esq., Chief Justice C. G. W. Farnes officiating, R. A. Farnes, Esq., of Tombstone, and Miss Ella Kooly, of Warrenburg, Missouri.

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